

Mystikal, That Nigga Aint Shit!

Nigga you ain't shit

I woke up this morning dick rock hard
Had to piss so bad, that shit made me say God Lord!
Dick harder then a armadello
So I went in the bathroom and drained the little fellow
Flush the toilet, washed my hands
Took off my silk shirt, (whut else) and went to zippin down my pants
I was about to meet this bitch in bout an hour (what you did)
????? and grabbed and towled and jumped my stankin ass in the shower
And now i'm feelin better, at least i'm smellin better
Instead of a combination of pussy and cheddar
I still smelled like last night's fuck
So washed my lips, fingertips, but I can't forget about under the nuts
Blow my nose, wash my toes, then my asshole
Foggin up the mirrors, wettin up all my fuckin clothes
Ain't that a bitch, i'm already runnin late
What i gotta do now?, now I gotta change my outfit
Stepped to the closet and scanned the wardrobe
Seen that silk shirt, Tommy, fuck it, i'll wear that Polo though
Girbauds and Polo socks
Slipped on the Fila's cause it was too hot to bust the Mutumbo high tops
I looked in the mirror one last time for kicks
Like I really had to check, like I ain't know I was the shit
Everything was in place
Pearly whites, brown complexion, daily braids and daily face
Mirror, mirror, wasup, who's the most stuck up
??? bitch I just fucked that stankin slut
Thats the thought for the day
I'm bouts to cut that hoe (why) she can't fuck anyways
Now i'm back on my mission
But before I hit the fuckin front door, gots to hit the kitchen
Cause dawg my hungers gettin bigger
Man, I ain't ate shit (dawg, ain't you hungry)
dawg, hungrier than three niggas
Grits and oatmeal, no time to cook though
Fuck it i'll grab that left-over cold cut combo
And now the stomachs at ease
I'm bout the jet, but first grab the beeper, the ring, the wallet, the keys
And now i'm ready for the street
Lookin neat, smellin sweet from my teeth to my fuckin feet
I gueses it's part of my job (what job nigga)
Being colder then cold, smoother then smooth, shiver then shive
So if you catch my in the club don't say shit
Sweatin a nigga like Micheal fuckin Tyler don't pay bitch
Cause I ain't that nigga thats gonna play with ya
Or stay with ya, but i'll damn sure lay with ya
Cause i'm that type of nigga to tell a bitch that I love em quick
Better but not beleive it though (why) cause I ain't bout shit

That nigga ain't shit
That nigga ain't bout shit
That nigga ain't shit
2x